BLOCKPRINT

BLOCKPRINT

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"A virgin is a girl, twelve years old, very ugly" - W. C. Fields

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LETTERS

Dear Thursday Night tea party:

I used to think that the reason letters and comments always sounded so assinine when they came out in BLOCKPRINT was because they were written that way . . . until I read how you garbeled my statement in Roy Furnham's column last week . . . completely out of context. Now I know, it's **you!** Let's go down there!

Sincerely,
Charles D. Matter

Dear Mr. Matter,

We have printed your letter exactly as received — misspellings intact. All that I can say favorably about it is that I am extremely happy that you had the courage to sign your name to such an immature and irrational letter.

If your obvious callowness can be overlooked, any reader might think that it is possible that you actually have something worthwhile to say. It is a pity that you have never offered your services to a BLOCKPRINT staff that you feel is both inadequate and incompetent.

I regret that you find your time so valuable that your plea to "go down there" did not attract yourself. Perhaps next year Mr. Matter? Or the year after?

Thank you for excellently thought-out, informative, well written, and entertaining correspondence.

With sympathy,
Ronn Spencer -Editor

Dear Mr. Matter,

You wonder why your statement may have appeared garbled (not garbeled) and out of context? Perhaps if you would proofread and hand in typed letters instead of ones where words are crossed out, misspelled, and done on a scrap of paper, BLOCKPRINT would not make the errors you accuse us of.

Karl Windhorst
BLOCKPRINT Staff

Dear Sincerely Charles D. Matter,

Talking about those 'errors' (choke), I would LOVE to know who **your** proofreaders are. Asinine has one "s". Garbled is spelled as you you see it here. And one last thing — MY NAME! How awful! It's really quite an elementary thing when you can find my name quite well plastered on a copy of BLOCKPRINT. ROY FURMAN, Remember that **man. Furman.**

The BLOCKPRINT BUTCHER,
FURMAN

Mr. Charles D. . . ,

I do not understand your letter. Your punctuation is dreadful, and so are your mechanics. I see no reason for the existence of your letter. I see no reason for your existence. You stink. You are a hideous ass. You have social diseases.

.... **WARNING!** ....

If you come down to BLOCKPRINT, we might kill you, thus justifying my statements. I repeat you stink, and should be stomped out in much the same manner as Dorothy Kilgallen was.

Toby Mostel
BLOCKPRINT Staff

Dear Charles D. No Matter,

Of course they are written that way. Ya!! Come down again when you can stay longer. I'm here all night. — Tea on the house.

Respectfully,
Robt. Lehrmitt -Ed. Staff

Mr. Robert Lehrmitt
c/o BLOCKPRINT
Rhode Island School of Design
Providence, Rhode Island 02903
Dear Mr. Lehrmitt,

In my letter last time, I offered an analysis of parts of the Vietnam war, the implications of the international arms race, and certain "blind spots" in our own thinking and perception. I tried to stress practical considerations over moral ones as grounds for changing what we are doing. I take very seriously the possibility that we can unintentionally commit racial suicide.

You've replied that I offered no solution. That's true. I am very wary of "solutions," for we are living in a constantly changing and very complex situation. A solution necessarily requires that a situation be simplified sufficiently to formulate a problem. In doing this one has to decide what to leave out as unimportant or irrelevant. Here, I think, one can get unknowingly bogged down in the "conceptual isolation" that I mentioned. If, for example, we do not or can not distinguish between the interests of the Chineses Communists and those of the Vietnamese Communists, if we do not carefully examine our whole concept "Communists," we can be in serious trouble. Secretary of State Dean Rusk's circular testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee too well illustrates this. A solution, I believe, is equally as abstract as a "Red."

Having split these hairs. I offer then a few

ideas that, if implemented, may make life less hazardous then it is at present. Call the "prerequisites to peace." Their application does not mean that we shall have peace, but surely we shall have no peace with out them. Most of these have been criticized as impractical. In addition, we should realize that it is in the interests of a great many parties, including the U. S. military and this country's immensely powerful war industries, that the present mess continue. Understand also, that President Johnson has been an Air Force lobbyist for many years and doubtlessly believes in "air power." Coniving — or forcing — a person to implement an idea is often more difficulty than the act itself.

Approaches to a solution are possible on many levels.

First, we must try to understand as much about our world as possible. Specifically, our library has a small collection of fairly objective books about Vietnam and China. One of the best is Bernard Fall's **Viet-Nam Reader,** a paperback collection of short articles outlining the history of the war. In reading these things, we must also unplug our imaginations. Perhaps too we ought to assume that our enemies are pretty much like ourselves. The Vietnamese refusal to negotiate in the face of our bombings, for example, may seem comprehensible in the light of the British response to Nazi bombings, and when we remember our own reaction to Pearl Harbor.

Secondly, we must form a world government and agree to destroy the weapons that make war possible. Hopefully, we'll allow; better, invite Communist China to be represented in the United Nations. We'll have to curb our population growth and learn to use our resources wisely.

With reference to Vietnam, we must stop the bombing of the North. Superficially impressive, bombing did not break the will of the British, did not reduce the war production of the Germans, and has not curtailed the supplying of enemy forces in Vietnam. The Viet-Cong must be recognized as a legitimate party of any future peace negotiations — any organization that controls as much territory as does the Saigon government obviously can't be ignored at meaningful talks. We must also offer the Vietnamese a schedule for the orderly withdrawal, following a truce, of all foreign troops from their country. Whether they'll believe us is something else. We and the French have deceived them before, in 1956 and 1946.

Analogies are dangerous, but to put our own "prestige" in perspective, let us remember that it wasn't so long ago that the Russians "backed down" in Cuba and that the French "pulled out" of Algeria. The French are not now the weaker and the Russians are thought of with magnanimity for having chosen possible humiliation to precipitating a Third World War three thousand miles from their homeland.

All of these things are out of reach of us as individuals. We can't proclaim the Word of God and stop this nightmare. However, we can act in other ways.

Lyndon Johnson has not yet been elected for '68. One can vote, and if we individually can't at this time, we can work to politically influence his actions, or to defeat him at the polls. I feel that he is a well-meaning, ruthless person trapped in a situation from which he can find no exit — a very dangerous man. By having General Westmoreland speak in this country — the troops "are dismayed, and so am I, by recent unpatriotic events here at home." —, for example, he is deliberately nurturing a mind-crushing climate of thought that is contrary to the ideals of this country. That you would ever question my "loyalty" — whatever that means — and even thing of me as a "traitor" is, for me, unhappy evidence of this country's deterioration in the last two years. To intentionally encourage such a thing in a democratic society having a history of witch trials, religious persecution, and McCarthyism is unforgiveable.

This is all the more reason for resisting. We can write — write letters to the President, the State Department, Congressmen, newspapers, magazines. This will seem an exercise in futility, but it does influence men, and men are ultimately what make up the Presidency, Congress, and the press. As a side effect, the attempt at persuasion forces us to re-examine our own ideas.

Closer to "direct action," we can cash in U. S. Savings Bonds — those old "War Bonds" — and to write detailed explanatory letters to the Secretary of the Treasury and to the President.

A fourth possibility is to refuse induction into the armed forces. Many of us, I fear, will be in this situation next year. It is a very serious decision and each individual must face it by himself.

These are merely some things that we can do as individuals. None of them will offer visible results. Trying to do something about the war is like attempting to push the "Queen Mary" out from Pier 26 — only imagine the "Queen Mary" to be a huge rubber raft whose passengers are starting a knife fight, all the while many individuals forging needles, razor blades, knives, axes, etc. As I said, we act with no available probabilities of success.

I wonder precisely how difficult this undertaking is. Several analogies can be drawn between our actions in the world at large and those within this school.

I refer specifically to BLOCKPRINT's May 1 "Chopping Block Annex." Out of the thirty-four persons interested enough to have their ideas published, twenty-one were "(Name Withheld)" Perhaps this is my naivete speaking, but what is this crap? Are we so lacking in self-respect, are we so divorced from each other that we can not put our names to our thoughts? Are we afraid to make asses of ourselves?

No Hand is going to fall out of the sky upon us if we say "We're stuck now," let alone "The dorms should provide proper lighting." We're not going to be "punished" for openly stating our opinions. Perhaps a great deal of the general resentment of "the Administration" of this school is due to legitimate gripes that we have contained and allowed to fester within ourselves. Perhaps we ought to risk opening ourselves up and air these feelings.

This, of course, is not the same thing as blowing pot smoke in the Deans' eyes. It probably isn't this simple, but "the Administration" and Dean Lay in particular seem to have acted ineptly in handing the problem of the thirteen students expelled for "non-traditional conduct" and in the phrasing of the recent "I's can be costly" probation warnings. The incompletes and the "Chopping Block" poll indicate that Dean Lay has a serious morale problem at this school.

However, what is far more disturbing than these mistakes are the rumours of the last two months. One of these, as most of us know, was that the Dean possesses "in his office" a list of three to four hundred students that have smoked marijuana. Another was that this list had been compiled on the basis of reports by student informers.

If the latter is true, then the man and the students involved are contemptible and not worth further discussion. If not, as I hope, Then we have created — for reasons that I do not understand — an artificial world of our own fears.

The sorry fact of all this is that much of

such a "communications breakdown" could be cleared up by a dumb thing like a "tea" or a series of open houses, seminars, etc. Meeting the people that we have made into abstractions is one of the simplest ways to clear the air.

Lastly, this passivity, this reference to "the dorms," "they," "it," and so on as the agents of change will get us nowhere. Ultimately, those who desire change must work for it themselves.

All in all. I think that we have set up needless barriers for ourselves, be the problem improving this school or ending the war in Vietnam. It's difficult to work in a situation that looks hopeless and too easy to work out theoretical solutions, dismiss them as impractical, and give up without doing anything The world changes constantly, and it does not do so by itself. Each one of us possesses enough power to do anything we want — if we use our potential and accept the consequences of our actions.

Sincerely,

Dan Gridley

Dear Dan Gridley,

Your last letter did not, in my opinion, stress "practical considerations over moral ones." Your article, as most on the subject, presented in a straight forward way the injustice that plays on a squeamish lack of awareness. You stress the inhumanity, you moved even the immovable. You have made the anti-war movement a religion. It is still based on faith rather than reality.

Once again you work to discredit our government. "War Industries" and "Air Power" become sins in you eyes. It happens that "it is in the interest of a great many parties" to have the war continued. It is in the interest of the free world to have the war brought to an advantageous conclusion. Since history began war has been the dominant influence over man. Can we reverse this tide? If we are committing unintentional racial suicide is it not inherent in man?

You say that we must open our minds, learn about the world. We must learn that all people are the same. Sure our enemy is just like us, they too have their Dan Gridleys', Richard Specks', and Lyndon Johnsons'. We are fighting to maintain a way of life — life **our** way. I don't like it but it is better than the one that they are fighting for. You mention World War II — as then, we are now, not fighting for right or wrong but for life as we know it! The right to choose, as you may do. As an individual you may find it lacking, you see a Utopia, but many people feel that they have found it. Call it flag-waving, Nationalism, or White-man's Burden, you are still dealing with human nature.

You offer solutions that are painfully obvious but are in total disregard of the fact that people are people, they haven't changed since the dawn of history. You cite BLOCKPRINT as an example of apathy and lack or responsibility. Our files show that you did not vote concerning the extention of studio hours, how many of the twenty-one votes cast did you influence into voting and having their opinion felt. Why not work here? You seem to find enough wrong. You may not be a traitor but you are a little fish. If you could come down for a moment and clean-up the little pond then maybe the lakes would be calm. You have to solve problems from the source, an incorrect answer is seen in the result but crossing it out does not correct it.

I accuse you. How many of the "Chopping Block questions did you answer? None, if you did you failed to mention your name. Surely an opinionated young man like yourself must have some views on these topics. "What is this crap? Are we so lacking in self-respect, are we so divorced from each other that we can not put our names to our thoughts."

I accuse you. Have you bothered to even bring your letters down to be printed? No, you have passed them through channels. You did not answer the call for help, it takes more than letters and replies to run a newspaper, no matter how small. Where were you when BLOCKPRINT needed an editor? Surely you write as well as any. You are a traitor, a traitor to yourself, a hypocrite. I accuse you of talking crap.

You chide the deans, Dean Lay in particular as to the expulsion of thirteen freshmen for untraditional behavior. Most of these students have secured positions in other schools thanks to this wording and the kindness of the administration. I was in danger of expulsion last year on social grounds. I am here now because of the kindness and attention of the administration. Talk to me not of them. **Get into trouble,** then you can evaluate for yourself what these competent, intelligent men and women can do.

I conclude you are a hypocrite, coward, fool, and thoughtless agitator. Surely the war is wrong and it takes action on the part of many to achieve any end, but what have you done recently, in a school where you find the lack of interest appalling? I answer: nothing.

Respectifully,

Robt. Lehrmitt
Ed. Staff

To Tobias Mostel, via BLOCKPRINT:

Toby, better watch out or you'll go the same way Stig Wegge went.

Advisingly, John Roberts

P. S. Toby, is it true that you don't wash your hands before writing your articles and notes?

Mr. Roberts:

I really do not comprehend being compared to Stig Wegge. Perhaps if you compared me to Benchley or Thorne Smith, you would be in a righter vein. Stig went to the Chelsea Hotel on 23rd Street in New York, and a beautiful hotel it is too. Dylan Thomas stayed there. That's not a bad way to go is it? Anyhow, I don't think I'll go that way. I liked Stig's writing. Perhaps you didn't understand it, or maybe, you don't understand mine. If not, BLOCKPRINT will send you a free directory of New York City. But don't wait around for it. I rarely wash my hands. I like dirt. That is why I liked your letter.

Thank you, T. Mostel

Dear Mr. Mostel:

In your opinion I may be a complete failure as a human being, but all I'm concerned about now is that I succeeded in drawing from your otherwise compaining and sarcastic tongue **one lonely compliment** to RISD. It **is** a better school than Pratt. That in itself is a step in the right direction. Thank-you — And congratulations.

Nadine Ingerman

Dear Nadine:

Thank-you for at least reading my letter. I'm glad you found the compliment. I'm glad you are happy. I'll bet the administration is too. Maybe I'll get rewarded. I don't know which direction I'm stepping in, but if it's right, I'd rather go left.

Thank-you for your kind letter.

Toby Mostel

To Mr. Gerard Del Monte:

A curious feeling of intense nausea overtook me while happening upon a trite piece of trash on New York city and Providence appearing in last week's BLOCKPRINT. This trivia was written by Gerard Del Monte who just so happens to be another one of those, "first class, bigmouthed, know-it-all Long Island

ss-hole tourtists" who think they are hot ot New Yorkers because they visit the city Sunday. Of course I can just see Mr. Del onte hanging out in the Village, with all the her teeniebops, acting cool. And Gerry ows where it's at, he's real cool New Yorker, AN!

Now if Mr. Del Monte was really a part of e groovey scene (that would encompass ther living there or attending school there) would realize he'd have no need to adver- e the fact of close relationship and com- nion, with the big Apple (that's "in" Slang, by) and therefore no trite article attempt- g to compare two quite individual cities, uld have been written, dig?

Be "IN" with the "IN CROWD" Gerry, GO PRATT!

A New Yorker who "lives" in N.Y.C. (a much extinct specie)

me One Around Here Doesn't Like Me . . .

whom it may concern:

My article for BLOCKPRINT was intended as satire and parody. As such, it was honestly nceived, executed, and printed. Your letter supposedly in rebuttal but instead a per- nal attack on me — was not. We have nestly printed it, but honest in conception d execution it was not.

I can't imagine why you have seized my ticle as an opportunity to vent a personal ade upon me; but you obviously don't like e and I really don't care. To Stereotype me a "first class, big mouth, know-it-all, Long land ass-hole tourtist" is in the best tradi- n of yellow journalism. The rest of your iterate, misspelled and misinformed letter llows suit.

The absurdity of you letter speaks for it- lf. Stig Wegge once said, "Is it a question my intelligence or your maturity?" In your se it is assuredly the latter.

Gerard Del Monte

ear Editor,

We were not throwing rocks at the sculp- res. We were throwing at pieces of wood oating in the water, pretending they were rships. We were not throwing at the sulp- re or intending to, nor did we hit any.

Tommy Bosworth

Speaking for BLOCKPRINT, I would like to ologize for any undue punishment you might ve received for the accustation. But as your ther said when I was at your home, "All a newspaper can do is put one and one together and come up with two."

But now, Tommy, a new problem has popped up. And this does not only concern you, but the whole institution; we are the victims of vandalism. Since the administration has not taken any obvious action to increase security we must make ourselves be more aware of what is going on behind our backs. Over night walls and buildings have been defaced, and as in your case, sculptures were damaged (I am sure not by you) probably by people not belonging to this school. We have a lot at this school to be proud of which also means we have a lot to protect.

Thank you for your reply

Sincerely,

R. Furman -BP Staff

EDITORIAL

I have evidently underestimated the student population of the Rhode Island School of Design. The entire BLOCKPRINT staff was extremely impressed with the marked increase in ballots in the last studio hour poll. Suddenly student apathy dissappeared and the student body made a concerted effort to eradicate one of the most aggravating problems at RISD — short studio hours. Obviously RISDites **do** care about their educational facilities and are keen on their improvement.

I had no idea that there was that much latent interest in the student body. Perhaps it just needed time in order to make itself apparent but it **did.** The increase in ballots was phenomenal. BLOCKPRINT would like to thank all RISDites for their overwhelming support.

We can now prepare a plan to present to the administration for the initiation of extended studio hour time. The administration cannot ignore us because we've shown we can be constructive rather than apathetic. Instead of grumbling about problems we've actually gone about doing something!

I am certain that short studio hours will receive prompt attention by the administration and the problem will soon be alleviated. It has too long been a source of constant irritation that our excellent studio space has not been more readily available. The administration has also been aware of this and has done all but invite the student body to take the initiative. They will undoubtedly find our future plans most helpful in their consideration. They now see that we really care about our education here and are not attending RISD to avoid the draft, be student beatniks, find husbands, or have a good time.

BLOCKPRINT feels that due to the increased response this week that future problems will also be polled. The ballot idea seems to be responsible and effective way for RISDities to express themselves. Thank you for making it all a success.

What was the acutal percentage increase in ballots? **OVER 500 PERCENT!** Last week we received a mere **FOUR** ballots and this week **TWENTY-ONE** came into the BLOCKPRINT office. Yes, **TWENTY-ONE** replies from the **ONE-THOUSAND** (approx.) students attending RISD. **Thank you once again!**

Ronn Spencer

RONN, PROOF POSITIVE:

someone reads your editorials
dear baby
in your most recent editorial concerning certain behaviorial characteristics of some of us here in provi, i must say i am quite in agreement with you. the shame of it all — the shame. the fact is — we're all pretty noninvolved — some social noose no doubt. caught in a bloody system, the beauty of social mores.
some of us are noninvolved and grumble and bitch and etc. — because — well, our only involvement is a superficial attachment to the world — like we've desires (yeh!) and feelings but no real communication or commitment to the cause of the moment, let alone ourselves. (look at the brownies) (look at the eight - hours-a-day-in-the-office set who want six hour work days and wouldn't know what to do with extra time if they had it)
and then some of us are noninvolved because we have been and don't want to be — i like to think as a sort a detatchment (with an implication of previous attachment i hope) — voluntary, honest — but in any case, our own doing. detatchment is in — except we hope with commitment and a bit of understanding. no meaningless bitching. none of this you — make-me-lived bit. look around baby.
but we must admit that noninvolvement is perhaps one of the new practicle manifestations of the idea in art students — if not everyone in this beautiful frustrated world.

signed!

Duncan MacMaster

THE ADMINISTRATION . . . WHAT DOES HE DO?

PART V

The door was open and so I walked in. "Mr. Bush-Brown?", I asked the secretary, Mrs. Harris. "He's in Italy," she answered, "and I don't know the address of his hotel. I really don't know where he is, and all these letters for him to answer . . . "

The door was open and so I walked in "Mr. Gottlieb?", I asked the secretary, Mrs. Herman, "He's in the office. Who may I say is calling?". "Don Simon," I said. She recognized me and replied: "Oh, you're the one who writes those cute little interviews in BLOCKPRINT, and cleans the tables in the snackbar." ("What a plug," I thought.) I'm sure that Mr. Gottlieb will see you. "He's in consultation, but he'll be through in a moment."

Mr. Martin Gottlieb, Executive Financial Advisor, is perhaps one of the lessor known administrators. However, as the saying goes, "If you can't see the President, Go see Gottlieb." That's one of the lesser known sayings, it's true. But it's big in the College Building, very big.

I found Mr. Gottlieb seated at this desk, staring vaguely at the calendar, counting" . . . 32, 33, 34, 35 . . . " "Mr. Gottlieb," I interrupted. He noticed me, welcomed me, and said, "I was hoping you'd get around to me. In a way, I'm glad the President isn't around." He laughed. I laughed. Then we both laughed together. "Well, I suppose you want to know about Miss Buffington," he said.

As I have done in the past with my other subjects, I assured Mr. Gottlieb that he did not have to worry about not answering a question, and that his opinion would be regarded as personal and not as that of THE ADMINISTRATION. He nodded and said, "Of course."

"Mr. Gottlieb, why are you so little known around the campus when your job is of such importance tnat it affects just about every thing that we do? Do you regard this as an example of a communications gap?"

"Well, John," he said, "I am not known I guess mainly because I am basically an introvert. But more important, my job doesn't bring me into direct contact with students. There are a few exceptions, but mostly I advise Albert, Mr. Bush-Brown, and I meet with several boards."

"Mr. Gottlieb, what are your views on the dormitory difficulty of late?" I asked.

"Extraordinary," he said. "I've been doing a lot of thinking about it and I decided that Miss Bu . . .". I interupted and stated that I was referring to the action by the administrato deny permission to thirty-one girls to live off campus, based on a three-part criteria. "I've been doing a lot of thinking about it," he replied, "and I think that the girls believe that we are handling them callously. One girl told me that she thought that we viewed the girls as dollar signs. Well, nothing could be farther from the truth, John. The whole situation could very easily be alleviated, and I'll tell you how. We put those thirty-one girls on every other floor of Homer or Nickerson, and thirty boys on the floors in between. In that way, the girls wouldn't have to get apartments." "Why only thirty boys?" I asked laughing. "With one less boy, we can provide more studio space, and get rid of another problem." I laughed again at his economic joke. "I'm serious, and you can print it, if you like. I don't know what Miss B . . . "

I interrupted whatever he was saying because it was getting late and there were some important questions to be asked, one of which was what was the most difficult problem which the administration had to handle this past year.

"I would say that the decision to release the students earlier this year is what you're after, John. But I think that the most difficult situation occurred when — and (this is not generally known) — when we cautioned a faculty member not to question the handling of the Museum. His feeling was that a certain individual connected with the Museum was using it to make a name for himself, making unwise purchases. He also felt that the Museum's relationship with the faculty was strained and noted what he considered the Museum's inability to provide space for a faculty show, while it could find space for student work. But as you and I know, these are mere suppositions and need further looking into, by someone."

"How has BLOCKPRINT changed this semester?"

"It certainly has. I like the new format, and just the fact that you're here indicates a desire on the part of the staff to do something constructive in this place. The past editors tended to be a little on the destructive side, a little, perhaps, immature. I know that Miss Buffington thinks that BLOCKPRINT has improved immensely. One of the staff members was down-right evil. He's no longer in school, thank goodness. You have a person on your staff now who writes very much as he did. I won't mention her name, but you know who she is."

Mrs. Herman buzzed on the phone and excitedly said that Mr. Bush-Brown was calling from Italy. "Sure, I'll accept the charges," Mr. Gottlieb said. "Hello, Albert. How are you? School's fine. Just a few girls complaining that they couldn't get overnights and late permissions while Miss Buffington was away. And Mr. Bremer retracted that letter he wrote about you in BLOCKPRINT . . . the student paper . . . Right. As a matter of fact, there's a boy sitting here interviewing me . . . Right now, right."

"Please tell him that BLOCKPRINT hopes he'll write in future issues," I chimed in.

"Albert, this gentleman hopes that you'll write something in the future. He will he says." he leaned toward me. "Good talking to you, Albert. Oh look, how's our image abroad? . . . Fine . . . Well, be sure to drop by and see me when you're in . . . The faucet's fixed . . . Right . . . By now. Don Simon

EDITORIAL

I want to reply to the discussion of the Vietnam War that has been going on for the past several weeks between Maryjo Spitzer. Dan Gridley, and Robert Lehrmitt. I agree with Lehrmitt that Miss Spitzer's article did demand a rebuttal, and that Mr. Gridley's letter, though well reasoned, did lack some sort of solution. But even by his own estimate Lehrmitt's reply to both Miss Spitzer and Gridley was ill-prepared.

I don't have sources to quote on hand, but I'd like to make several statements, I know to be accurate, concerning the history of American involvement in Vietnam. First, as the peace groups frequently state, Ho Chi Minh is considered by a majority of both parts of Vietnam, the leader of what should be the United Vietnam. As the peace groups also state, in the 1950's, even President Eisenhower admitted that, of course, Diem would not hold free elections because 80% of the population would vote for a united Vietnam under Ho Chi Minh, whether his regime was communist, socialist, or otherwise. If the people of South Vietnam no longer feel this way, it is probably due to default: they accept the inevitability of American muscle, and its backing of Ky's **military** junta. This is why also what causes the thousands of North Vietnamese soldiers to desert to the south.

What America is, unfortunately, supporting in Vietnam is a military dictatorship — which took over South Vietnam by a coup d'etat —

after a succession of coups by military leaders less successful than Ky. What little popular following these military juntas have had has been due to their own hatred and that of the South Vietnamese people for the dictatorship of the late President Diem. Furthermore, even **Time magazine** admits that Ky is a puppet of the United States more than he is the ruler of South Vietnam.

Even the leaders of our country admit that we have gotten ourselves embroiled in a questionable situation, and even President Johnson doubts whether, given the same circumstances, we would involve ourselves again. However, these doubts are followed by the reassurance that what we have done we can't repair, and therefore, we must prosecute the war to its inevitable end.

I disagree with this dim view, Mr. Lehrmitt criticized the lack of a solution among those who would have us out of Vietnam. To this I reply with a solution that may have come too late to be effective.

In the eyes of the nations of both the "free" and "enslaved" world, Ho Chi Minh is the rightful and most able leader of Vietnam, France having evacuated, despite the reluctant 1954 Geneva agreement to divide the country. Now, last year; we of the United States spent between 12-14 **billion d**ollars trying to establish Ky as the leader of South Vietnam. Now, were Ho Chi Minh in control of a United Vietnam — something he could accomplish in several weeks without American support of the Ky regime — and the United States were to use the 12 billion dollars it spent last year as foreign aid to Vietnam — Ho would be able to rebuild the country, banish illiteracy, etc., etc., **and** he would do it without the widespread corruption suffered by the Ky regime.

Now I realize that this solution will never be realized. I also realize that to the leaders of the country this solution is unthinkable.

1. America has pledged herself to support the government of South Vietnam and, out of honor, cannot reverse its position.
2. Such a solution would cause unthinkable chaos to the people of the South.
3. We would be turning Vietnam over to a leader who is a communist, and one of our larger interests (I might say, our largest and most vested interests) is to defeat communism in Southeast Asia.
4. Ho Chi Minh, in control of all of Vietnam, would make the country into a communist puppet satellite of Red China and the communist world.

My own contentions in rebuttal

1. I realize the agony it would cause our country to "back down" in Vietnam — a greater agony even than it caused the French — however, there is the question of whether it is either honorable or expedient to expend the lives of thousands of Americans (as well as Vietnameses) and billions of dollars for what are, at best, doubtful objectives.
2. True, pulling out would cause chaos in South Vietnam. But this might be avoided by offering to Ky and his followers some sort of government-in-exile. As for the average peasant in South Vietnam, all he has to fear is the bombs that now fall on his village chiefs of the south, we could (if needed) work out some kind of agreement with Ho Chi Minh for the protection of their lives and positions.
3. As for the issue of communism, the past few years should show that communism, as a political reality, is no longer an international conspiracy to enslave the world — I don't mean to say that it is a system to be embraced either — only that if the people of a given country desire a leader who is himself a socialist, we of the West have no business preventing it.
4. If Ho Chi Minh were a mere puppet of the communist world — as General Ky is to the United States — why does he insist on complete control of the arms given him by Russia and China? Why aren't their Russian and Chinese military men controlling Ho's use of weapons and prosecution of the war? Finally, why are there no Russian or Chinese troops fighting for the North?
   (It is noteworthy that Russia has shown considerable restraint in not entering the war for the north — and as for China, although American involvement in Vietnam represents a very real threat to her brother, she is probably in no condition to enter into open confrontation — unless, of course, the threat becomes too great.)
   I submit the contention that perhaps Ho Chi Minh is interested only in uniting the North and the South — the history of Vietnam for **two thousand years** has been one of continuous struggle with China for her independence — Ho Chi Minh takes arms from the Chinese only because they are the only ones available, and, with the knowledge of his country's past, he keeps a watchful eye on China's attempt to control him.

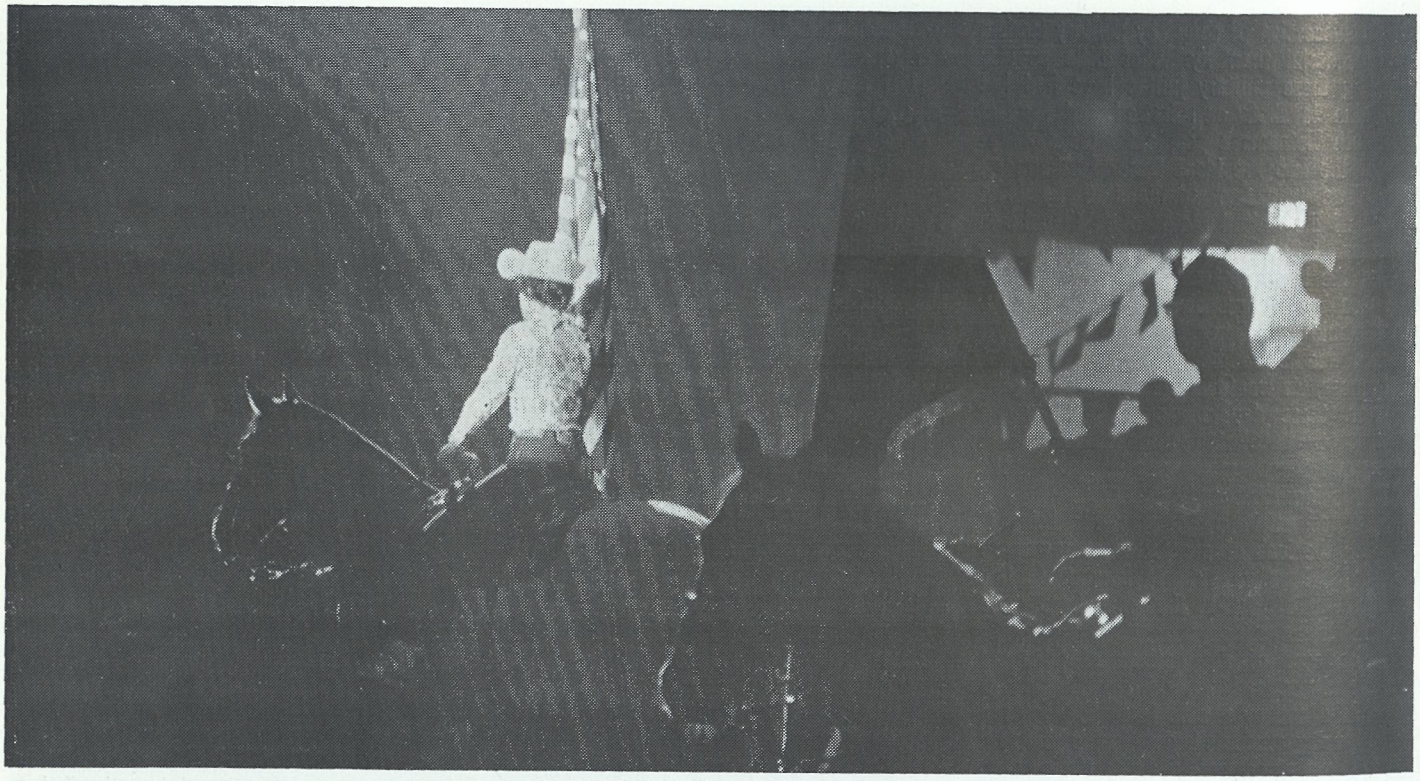
Now, please don't pass off my statements as the raving of an impracticable pacifist. I do not oppose war as a moral wrong **per se** — and I know that, personally, when I am attacked, I either fight back or run. Indeed, for a variety of reasons, I've never even taken part in either a peace demonstration or organization. I do, however, oppose war when it is used as a political expedient — as I also oppose the senseless struggle to annihilate communism at all costs, especially if the solution is to substitute a dictatorship, which, if more friendly toward us, is more detrimental to the people of Viet-Nam. I object to America trying to enforce political system on a country — violation — of country's sovereignty — and I object to the squandering of lives and money on such an action.

In closing, I am fully aware that my own opinion and plan is not going to have any effect on the course of our present foreign policy. Furthermore, because of the growth of the American commitment, indeed, tanglement, in Viet-Nam, the political realities are much more complex than I have implied — so complicated, in fact, that the ideas I have expressed , may be, in application, much too late to be of any use. But, I refuse to agree with those who would have us continue the war out of default, i.e., because there is no other alternative — and I disagree with those who believe war to be inevitable. What I have tried to suggest is some kind of rational solution — radical though it may be — to solve this dilemma. I will not call on anyone's emotion's — unlike Doctor Spock, I will not weep over the napalm disfigurement of 250,000 children — even though there is a good case to be made for weeping. All I wish to do is to call upon the reasoning, political and social, of these who read this.

Next September, there are free elections scheduled in South Viet-Nam. If they are allowed — and if they are honest — it will be a hopeful sign that our country may yet make some sort of contribution to Viet-Nam — that, out of this mess we have gotten into we might make some sort of order — though it will be too late to save thousands of lives and fortunes, and a now-barren country. However, I cannot help but feel that all of this was, and is regrettable and most of all predictable.

Charles Dwyer

A NIGHT WITH THE STETSON SET



proved to be an even better show than the Rolling Stones put on there a year and a half ago — because it wasn't "put-on," these guys were for real, trying make a living by wrestling cows or hanging to some form of heaving animal.

The show started when we got off the bus. Cranston Cowgirls in prune and jasmine-jade colored cowgirls hats, chewing gum and speaking their unintelligible dialect loitered on the edge of the parking lot. Inside, I had never seen so many grandfathers in one place, all without grandmothers — THEY PROBABLY FEEL SORRY FOR THE ANIMALS AND STAY HOME.

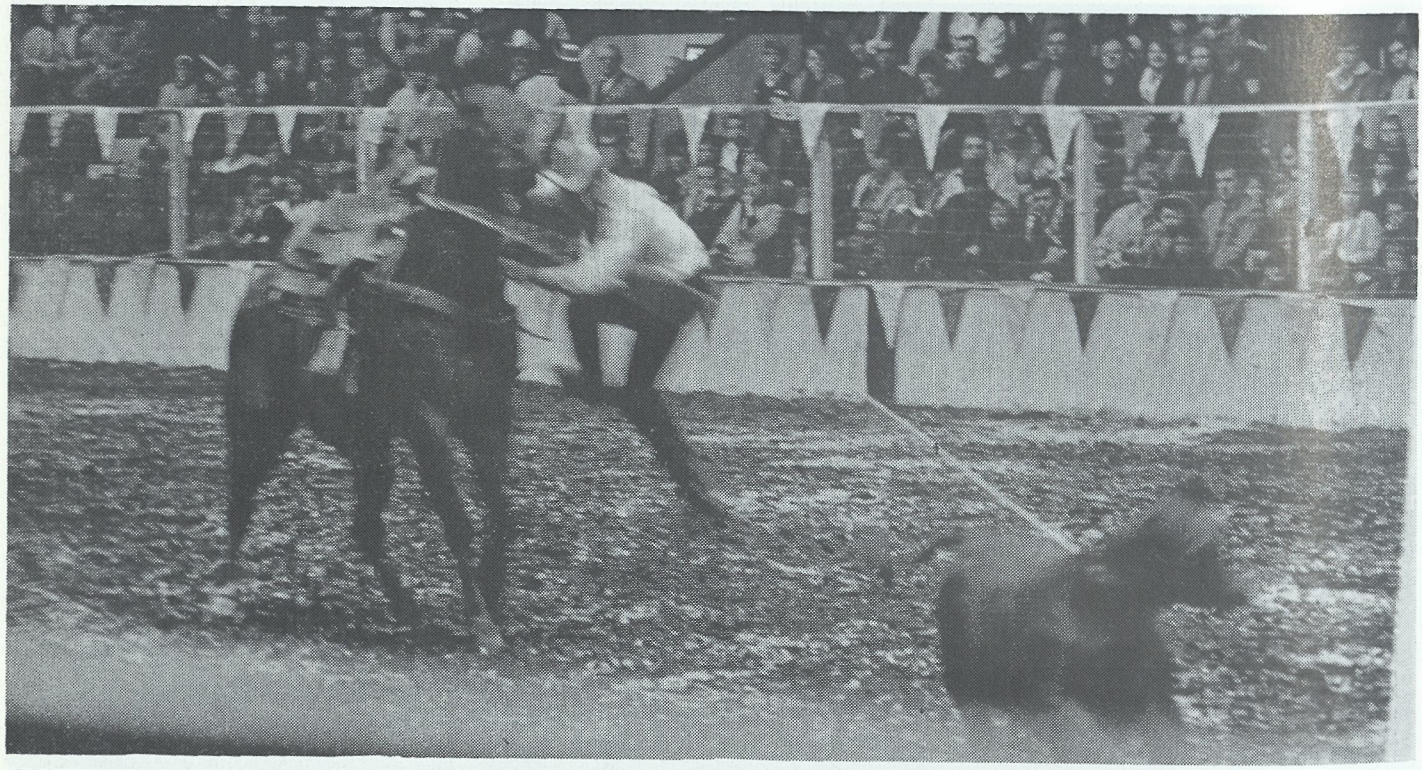
THE COWBOYS MORE THAN MADE UP FOR THE DEFECTS OF THE CROWD. It's amazing how many of them really smoke Marlboros, I guess it's easier than rolling your own.

First these guys tried to stay on bucking horses without the benefit of a saddle, and later on they're given a try with a saddle. They also ride bulls, who are really mad because they had to watch the cowboys rope and wrestle their little hereford cousins. The bulls, big ugly Brahmas with obscene loose lumps flopping around between their shoulder blades, look like giant Weiremaners masquerading as cows.

The half-time entertainment brought to light many American bestiality perversions. Some silver-haired chap climbed under the covers with his dogs and one of the clowns played erotic games with his white powdered horse who continually emitted huge puffs of dust.

The night ended with the cowgirl's barrel race, which gave Ed and I a chance to get a closer look at the blonde in the gold pants.

Billy Joe Carner



PHOTOS BY CARNER

EDITORIAL

Many months ago (just before a performance of "Look After Lulu") the president of Designers in Drama, Roger Sipress, suggested that I direct an experimental play in a group of plays to be performed in Memorial Hall sometime this spring. Wonderful, I'd love to: I started right off, thinking theatrically, being generally enthused, and reading obscure little plays that are found only in the bowels of the rare book department of the "Rock." Later, (a month or two) after deciding on a play and having done a goodly amount of thinking as to how I wanted to see it produced, I contacted Roger. The reply, as I vaguely remember it, was that we'd have trouble getting Mem. Hall, and besides, Roger had too much work to do for class to concentrate on such matters.

A week after "Look After Lulu," I discovered up on the hill an intense little nest of theatric people known only as PW; (some have rumored that this is Brown University's Production Workshop, but all I ever heard was "PW"). I took a part in one of the plays in "Uh Rincon De Espana." The next week was the "Happening" at Alumni Hall at Pembroke, which, if anyone from RISD bothered to notice, was a blast. I discovered there is a cure for the Apathy of Designers in Drama: the Enthusiasm of the various Brown theater organizations: PW, Sock and Buskin, Brownbrokers, the Modern Dance Group, etc.

Why is it that people interested in theatre at RISD must go to Brown (as many I know do) to be active? The answer is simple: RISD is a small, specialized school where the drama department is isolated and engulfed in the Liberal Arts Department, whose purpose it is to supply the "Bachelor of" to the Arts degree offered at the School of Design. The liberal arts department is not strong enough to support such an artistic and active form as theatre. What is needed is an integration of the liberal and fine and practical arts into a single, encompassing Theatre Arts program. Why not? Why are there no classes in set design and lighting? If the theatre is dead, filmmaking is alive. The best filmmakers and film actors, the pioneers of the film age, all have come to film from the theatre. This school must involve itself more and more with the livelier arts, arts which communicate more directly with the audience, film and theatre.

Part of the reason is facilities: there is no club which owns and maintains movie-making equipment; the Designers in Drama are cramped and stifled for a place to rehearse and time in the Auditorium to build sets and furnish props because of the ominous Trinity Square takeover. A solution is possible: MAKE A FAUNCE HOUSE OF MEMORIAL HALL! The Trinity and Apparel Design overrun our auditorium, but Mem. Hall is free five or six nights a week and during much of the day; no reason, except perhaps for money (what about the income from Trinity?) against having it open on Sundays as well. One recent Friday night Mem. Hall was used to make a film; the person who was directing needed eight signatures for permission to use the usually un-used utility, and still there were words about the late hour the shooting ceased. Except for keeping the building open beyond its bedtime (as a result of a misunderstanding), everything was handled responsibly: chairs were all back in place and everything exactly as found. Why eight signatures? Why can't Designers in Drama use this space whenever possible? RISD students ARE capable of responsibility.

Then there is always Brown. You may not realize it, but all of the dramatic groups at Brown whether independent (PW) or under the University (S&B) welcome and appreciate help from RISD people. There are plans afoot for a Brown/RISD Film-making Club to absorb people and equipment from both schools, and most certainly benefit from the mixture. There is no reason at all why PW and Sock and Buskin and Designers in Drama cannot cooperate in this field where liberal and fine arts naturally meet. Not all of the Brownies are jocks, boozers, snobs or even straight; not by a long shot. Plenty of them would be more than willing to burn their fingers holding a light for a close up, spatter their cloths to paint a flat, crawl in the dust of a catwalk to adjust a fly, or stay up all night to learn lines.

Anybody interested in plans for next year, drop by at Faunce House any time (if there is no one there, wait a minute), talk with Mr. Cohn in his office at the Gingerbread Castle (Carr House), talk with Roger, talk with me: Jim Seavey, Box 480 RISD, Rm. 32, Prospect House.

(My thanks to Susan Smith for her editorial last week.)

Jim Seavey

IT'S ABOUT THE PARKING

The recent aquisition of parking tickets by friends has pointed up one of the more pressing problems at RISD — that of parking.

Those students who have apartments usually have parking at or quite near their residences. The parking situation about the school is awful. For the faculty it's merely bad; for the student it is intolerable. Those of us in the men's dormitories have no legal place to park at all, with the exception of the cycle strip in the N. Main parking lot and the empty lot at the top of De Foe Place. A legal technicality provides the Providence Police with the option of ticketing any motor vehicle parked within eight feet of the curb.

In bad weather the lot at De Foe is a massive mire of mud. It is not uncommon in good weather for cars to become stuck on the erosion-caused ridges to either side of the lot. Because the lot is not cleaned out, the available spaces are confined to a single row of cars at the curb.

The school owns the lot; with the advent of summer most, if not all of the cars will be gone. I see no reason why the school couldn't clean out and/or level off the lot so that more parking spaces would be available. This work ideally would be done in the summer. The completed parking lot would then be ready for the start of next year's term, and would be open to the whole school. How about it?

— Gerard Del Monte

PHILOSOPHY OF DUALITY

PART II

by John Roberts

Anything that exists is not all creative nor all destructive — that is because both life and time caused Existence to be; Life creating everything and Time giving the beginning, development, decayment and ultimately destruction. With these two forces as the reason of their existence, everything has a potential to create and a potential to destroy. Thus, there is no absolute creativeness nor absolute destructiveness but a wide range of degrees of combinations of creativeness and destructiveness — as there is no absolutely

white goodness nor absolutely black evilness but a variety of grey shades of goodness and evilness.

Anything which creates more than it destroys may be said as creative; anything which destroys more than it creates may be said as destructive. But it is not so simple as that. A machine creates when it makes bombs, yet it must be regarded as destructive because it made things which are destructive. To destroy the bomb-making machine is not an act of destruction but an act of preservation of creation, because by its destruction it cannot make the destructive bombs. Prevention of destruction, if such an act would ultimately lead to better and more creation and to less male violent destruction, is an act of preservation of creation. But if the bombs were urgently needed for defense and self-protection, then to destroy the bomb-making machine would be an act of destruction, indeed, if this leads to greater destruction which was not stopped because of the lack of bombs. Remember, as Existence is often complicated, so are the paths leading from causes to the ultimate results complicated because of so many factors and views involved. Therefore, before a thing can be declared as creative or destructive, its effects and results from them must be carefully judged. Even a most destructive thing must be said as benevolently creative if its effects result in a greater creation or preservation of a great creation. And it is by their uses and actions not by their 'natures' the things must be judged for creativeness and destructiveness. If then uses and actions were for destruction for destruction's sake, that is the ultimate crime again: Vandalism and total nihilism.

But what can destroy can create also, and it would be more true to the spirit of creativity if we turn them to creativeness away from destructiveness, to undo their damage to some degree. If they are too destructive as to be unable to create more than to destroy, if their potentiality of destructiveness is far greater than of creativeness, and if they refuse to create but go on destroying for destruction's sake, then they must be destroyed for creation's sake.

As this is the last regular Blockprint issue this spring I must end my preaching now and hope to take it up again in the next fall. May you all be more creative than destructive.

THE GREATEST JOB OFFER IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND

Must have the following qualifications: Be a female; attractive enough to be model; happy (confident emotionally, physically, and intellectually, twenty-five years of age or less; good at graphics and illustration; be able to host international parties; may be of any race, nationality, religion, or political identity; be neat and therefore somewhat of an individualist at RISD; ability to write, photograph, sing, dance, and act will be in your favor; single and without children; and LIVES TO LOVE AND LOVES TO LIVE; THEREFORE, FINDS LIFE IS WONDERFUL.

AESTHETIC, EMOTIONAL AND INTELLECTUAL REWARDS: You will be given an apartment to decorate with stipend for furnishings; food from many countries will be provided free; the people you will be meeting will be the most normal and happy and interesting people on the face of the earth; you will be given the opportunity to learn many aspects of life as an art from people who are experts in specific fields (you will be able to learn how to cook 365 different breakfasts, lunches, and dinners as an example); and adventure will become a daily part of your life. Also, most of your expenses will be covered. Educational security guaranteeing complete payment for your future children's education will be provided. This is a career job and requires no diploma, but necessitates a discussion and self-teaching type education until the day you die.

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BACH FESTIVAL V

MAY 11 thru 14

RHODE ISLAND CIVIC CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA

DR. LOUIS PICHIERRI, *Music Director*

First Concert:

THURSDAY, MAY 11, 8:30 P.M.

ALUMNAE HALL, PEMBROKE COLLEGE

Cantata No. 71, "Gott ist mein Konig"

Concerto in D minor for Violin and Oboe

"Magnificat"

MEET YOUR CONDUCTOR RECEPTION
immediately following concert (audience invited)

Second Concert:

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 8:30 P.M.

ALUMNAE HALL, PEMBROKE COLLEGE

Suite No. 1 in C major

Cantata No. 51 (for Soprano)
"Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen"

Brandenburg Concerto No. 3

Concerto in B minor for Four Violins by Vivaldi and as transcribed by Bach

Concerto in A minor for Four Harpsichords

Third Concert:

SUNDAY, MAY 14, 5:00 P.M.

VETERANS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM

"Passion according to St. John"

SOLOISTS

Helen Boatwright	*Soprano*
Corinne Curry	*Contralto*
Charles Bressler	*Tenor*
Chester Watson	*Bass*
William Dinneen	*Harpsichord and Organ*
Barbara Barstow	*Violin*

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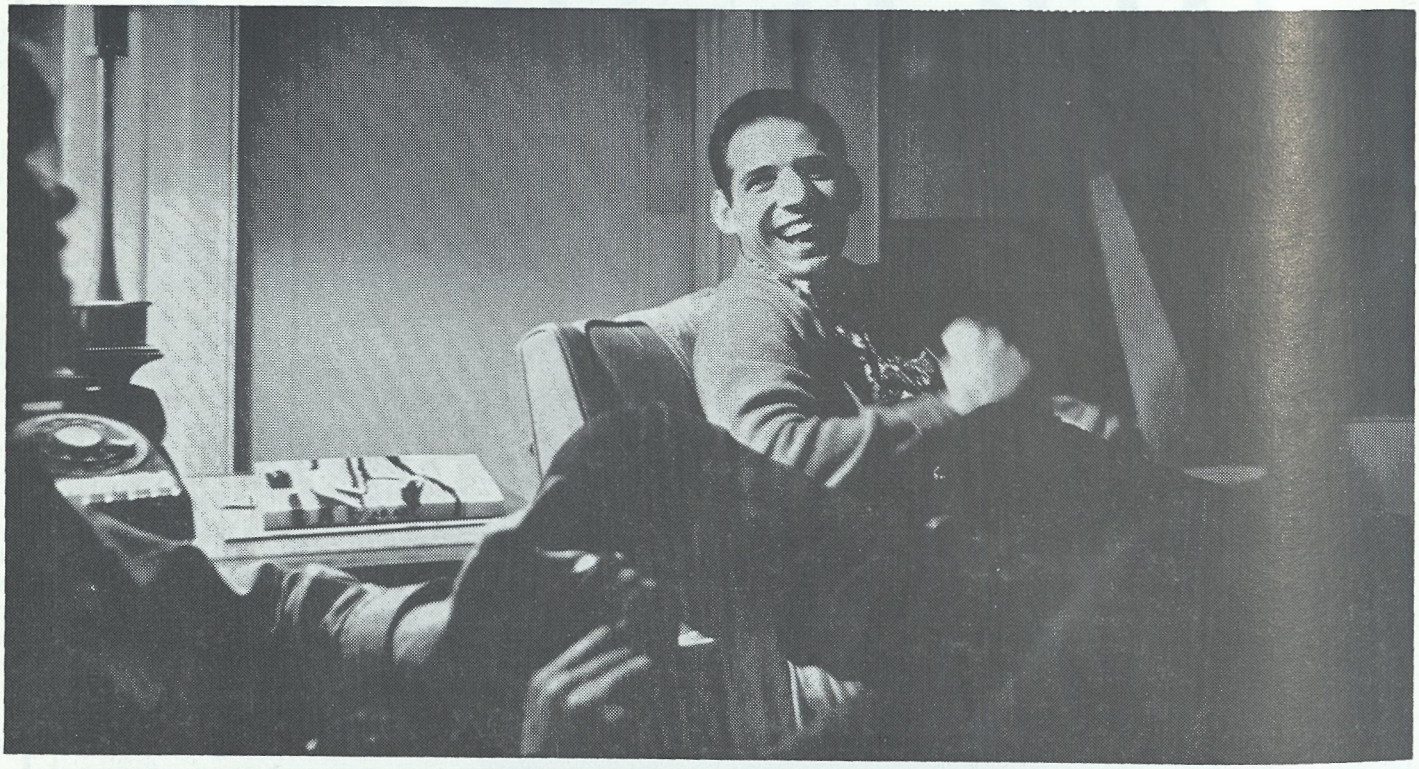
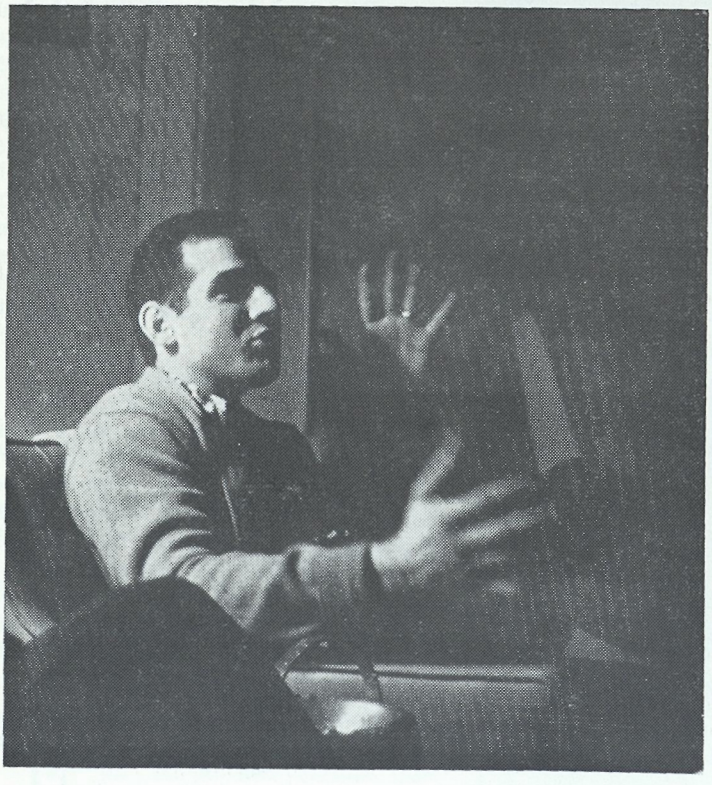
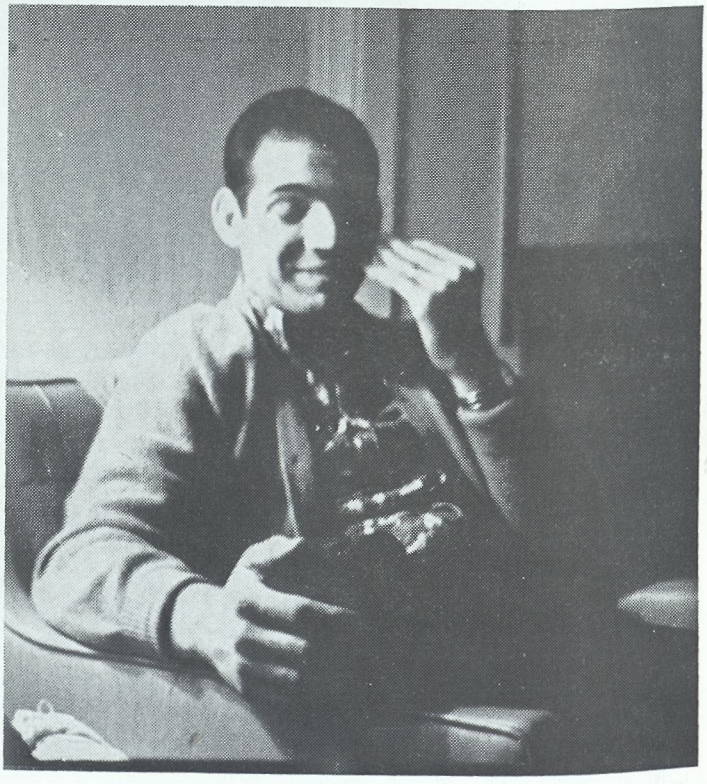
BP INTERVIEWS WPRO'S BUD WILLIAMS







PHOTOS BY CARNER

The basic reason many radio stations keep radio on after midnight is just so it will be there when people flip the switch. You see, from midnight to six in the morning the station doesn't make money.

As Bud Williams of radio station WPRO put it last week at six in the morning, "If they did it just for the benefit of those who work late hours, it wouldn't be worth it, from the main fact that they don't even sell any time."

"We take ratings once a month — on the one Sunday a month that we're on all night. But the main reason we're on all night is because people turn the radio on in the morning and usually leave the dial there."

"I have this shift because it was the only shift that was open and thats what I was hired for. The only way for me to get off that shift would be if someone were to leave during the day."

"I don't particularly like it myself but some guys really dig it — but I'm married so it's bad for me now. When I was single, it was just a matter of getting used to it. It's a drag now. There're many things that I want to do during the day and I can't do it. My whole day is ruined, see. I have to sleep all the time. If I sleep a good part of the day, I can have my nights to myself — but you go out and have a few drinks and you don't feel like coming into work at midnight. So you have to restrict yourself and that's what you do. I can now stay up until noontime — I'm good until noon, but after that, I've got to sleep. What can you do at six o'clock in the morning? There are no stores open.

He shifted his position, waiting for the next inquiry.

"Do you approve of every record you play on your show?"

"No. They're all approved by the music department. Actually it's done well. The disc-jockeys get together and they say, 'Well, gee, this record's good and it's pretty liberal.' I can play just about anything I want. What I can't do is get a new record and play it because I like it — but any hit that's already been established or any approved album. I can play any cut of an approved album or the 45's in the top 30 survey and all the extras that are put in — new records. But as far as me picking a new record out, you know, I can't. Unless I brought it to the attention of the operations manager and we decided it was pretty good. Some stations are stricter than that. Now, for example, the station across the street — their music policy is set by the head office in New York and they all have to follow the same music policy. But can play anything we want — it can be a 'rocker' or a slow tune. We're pretty liberal. That's one of the good things about WPRO.

"Why is Frankie Lane being played so suddenly?" broke in BLOCKPRINT, suddenly changing the subject.

"I think this is the new trend in music. A statement was made at an announcers meeting not too long ago by the operations manager that if Bach was the 'thing' then that's what we'd play. The trend in music is changing. The line is so thin now that a balance record and an extra are about the same, they overlap; They're all extras. If it's not on the survey it's an extra no matter what it is."

Talking about surveys, Bud, when do you stop playing a record?

"Usually if it's off the survey we just stop playing it, and then we will play it as an 'oldie', but the disc-jockey determines whether it's an 'oldie' or not. I won't play it if it's off the survey only two weeks but some jockeys will. There aren't any restrictions here. Some stations can't even play oldies."

You have the longest shift don't you?

"Yes, six hours. The rest are four hours except for Joe Thomas. He's seven to midnight, that's five. At one time before I was here, I believe they had seven disc-jockeys. They really had short shifts!"

What has happened to Payola?

"I think its kind of phased itself out. Just about completely since I've been in the business. I don't know really that much about it. I did have to sign a paper when I came here to the effect that I would not accept payola with this company. It's accepting money for pushing a record. Even though it doesn't occur anymore it still can happen, and that's why we sign the paper.

How does the exclusive release work?

In particular, with the Monkees, its because we're working pretty close with the other outfits and the people that are handling them. That's why we get it first. It's more or less a favor to get it to us first. The new Monkee album we got early by mistake — three days early.

How much do you use Billboard as far as your music policy is concerned?

"Billboard lets us know if a record is breaking in a certain area. That way we might be able to get it going in the Providence area. Music policy — if we hear a record we can play it where other stations couldn't because they have to stick to the rules set by the head office. 'The Tears' broke for us here and we got a gold record for the breaking. A record break won't break nationwide if it's on a local label. It has to be sold to a national label to make it nationally."

"The Music industry itself is a funny business. It changes so quickly. I don't know really that much about it myself. That's one of the disadvantages of working at night. You're where its happening, not with it. The entire station functions in the daytime. I do my own news off the UPI wire so I'm here all alone.

Then we began to speak more casually as we inquired about his private life.

"I worked at Dramond Tool Co. for about two and a half years. Then I just happened to get a small station in N. Kingston. (WKFD). I worked at it and I got a job part-time here and one thing led to another and now here I am. I've been here a little over two years now.

"I like to fly — relieves all my tensions. There's a feeling you can't describe — when you're up there alone, you're completely separated from the world. It gives you time to think and peace of mind whereas something like golf would be a chore for me."

"What do you do to keep going, Bud?"

"Never stopped to think about it. The big part of it is the music. It keeps me high all night. When I put the music on it just starts and I keep going.

I don't get very much fan mail. Nobody gets very much unless they're running a contest. I got maybe 15-20 cards a week for my contest — the mystery voice. I get most of my phone calls at the end of the week. The night before the show, I might watch TV or read books. I try to read as much as I can.

Getting back to music, there's something I want to say. The new trend in music is psychedelic music It's wild and wierd. Now I was never really crazy about radio when I was young. But I do remember liking Bill Haley and the Comets and sounds like that. I though music then was lacking something. The groups I like most now are the Beatles, Lovin' Spoonful, the Young Rascals. The Monkees aren't that bad, but they don't do their own material.

The Rascals live, are unbelievable, they can really make a sound. They're great. Right now, they're on top for me.

Suddenly a symbol of authority invaded our interview — an engineer with a warning to make a quick exit — people were coming! Hrumph!

R. Furman

THE ROLLING TAP HAS GATHERED SOME MOSS

Upon a bright and fair Saturday of a week ago, making it the last Saturday of now dead April, I went to Barrington. I was planning to ride upon a commandeered public school bus with the rest of the R.I.S.D. soccer fans to another golden day of foot flashing action. My habitual tardiness led me to the North Main departure gate late. There stood Bill Barrett, Robert Krywy (whose watch was to play such a big part in the game), and there strolled Ed Sievers. Then up rolled Durst, Bill Kienzel, and thank God they were rolling in the mini-car. So, I with the other five in tow was off to the match.

I have written of the joys of stock car racing, and after that trip feel the urge to tell of the joys of mini-sedan coursing, but I won't. Instead I will write of the balmy, sixty degree weather, the brisk salt breeze off the bay that so enthralled this landlocked sailor's heart, and the magnificent malt fragrances that wafted my way all afternoon.

Actually what I will say is that the Tap team continues undefeated, although this boast is now somewhat empty since the score stood in a five to five tie at the end of the contest Saturday. The tie score was a result of myriad intricate reasons. One of these reasons was the fine cage work of R.I.S.D.'s Mike Reid (actually bar work as the nets are not yet strung.) Another reason as explained by Bullet Barreto was, "The Tap team is in bad shape today, worse than usual." To my mind it was the Crystal strategy as explained to me in an exclusive and enthralling interview with Kicker Kienzel on Interstate 195 East, at excessive speeds. I asked Bill if the team was up for the game and what followed then, follows now.

Bill — Well, Red we're really keyed up for the game.

Red — Is that so?

Bill — Yeah, that's so, Red.

Red — Kicker, how to you plan to play today?

Bill — Red, we plan to play in F sharp minor. (Here, Ed the Red Beard, which he brought along with the glasses at the Edward Streichen Shop in Nueva York, interrupts.)

Ed — Naw, you're going to play in K.

Red — **K** for Kienzel, Bill?

Bill — No, as in lettuce.

Thus with this attitude the Tap went out there and very nearly got beaten. As it should be, the most exciting goal was the one that finally tied it. Fans, it was this way. Dauntless Dewey had just screamed a cursive 'one minute' in the general direction of the field as the Tap team busily defended its own goal. Somehow the Tap, one point behind, got the ball upfield, and as I listened to a ten second countdown come from Krywy, I saw Mike Reid lunge at something and miss. Xavier Brockmann, with FIVE seconds left, had put a shot through a human screen. Quite honestly Mike didn't have a chance at it. Superman with his X-ray vision working overtime couldn't have seen it.

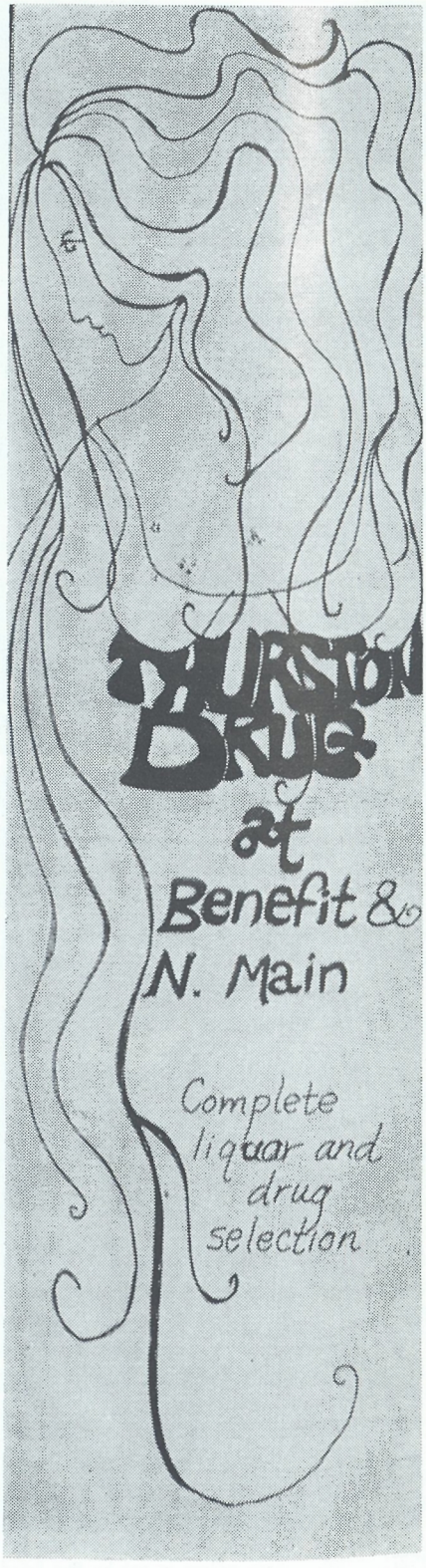
Unfortunately for celebration purposes, for either side, the sudden death ten minute overtime ended as locked as it began. In the ensuing dispute over rules I listened to a wise Brownie who with great insight said, "This is the most illegal soccer game I have ever seen," and left. I left happy. Happy with the memory of the sun, the salt-loaded fresh air, I recommend such affairs to whomever is young of heart and honest enough to give up a Saturday afternoon to sport, sun, fresh air, slightly warm beer, and blankets and babes laying lush in the grass.

Red Leonard

REVERENCE TO ALL PAINT

Once a notorious but anonymous Administrator remarked, "Paint Department — I didn't know we had one." Paint on the walls and the people who put it there usually don't interfere with out everyday thinking, but upon certain occasions the Paint Department deserves special notice and recognition.

William Haskell, a resident of Pawtucket, married, and with two grown children, is retiring after thirty-four years wtih RISD's Paint Department. In 1933, when Mr. Haskell started working summers to maintain the five building campus, he brought with him the then necessary knowledge of paint making and other technical knowledge still valuable today which he had learned from his father. In 1936 he became a full time employee and has since become head of the Paint Department directly under the Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds. Over the years Mr. Haskell has done some teaching on his own for regular RISD students who took summer jobs in the Paint Department. Mr. Haskell



will be succeeded on May 26 by George Arnold who came out of the Navy and into the Paint Department at the end of the War.

When BLOCKPRINT went to talk with Mr. Haskell, he remarked that he prefered at his retirement the anonymity implied in McArthur's statement about Old Soldiers Fading Away. To think of how a man's work becomes his life, one might almost say of Mr. Haskell, as he journies off to Nova Scotia wtih his wife, "Old painters never retire, they just fade into the woodwork."

Seavey

CONCERT

Rhode Island School of Design will sponsor a concert of chamber music for students and facuty and their guests in the main gallery of the Museum of Art on Friday, May 12, at 8 p.m.

The program will feature works by five of the world's best known and loved 17th- and 18th-century composers, including Francois and Johann Sebastian Bach. Chamber music of the 20th-century will be represented with a first playing at the college of Serenata a tre, Opus 34, Number 2, by Johannes Driessler.

The program:

Trio in D Major ..... Joseph Bodin de Boismortier
Deuxeime Concert ..... Francois Couperin
Sonata in G Major for Viola da Gamba and Harpsichord ..... J. S. Bach
Sonata in G Major for Flute and Basso Continuo ..... Jean Baptiste Loeillet de Gant
Deuxieme Concert ..... Jean-Phillipe Rameau
Seranata a tre, Op. 34, No. 2 .... Johannes Driessler

Music will be played by the Rhode Island School of Design Chamber Music Trio consisting of Warren Teixeira, flute; Alison Fowle, viola da gamba; and Robert Harris, piano and harpsichord.

Friday's concert will be the fifth these musicians have played for the college community since 1964, the year they organized the Trio.

Refreshments will be served following the concert.

LECTURE

One of New York's famed lawyers and patrons of the arts will present the final lecture in Rhode Island School of Design's current series on Design and the Public Good.

Morris L. Ernst, partner of Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst and columnist for The Villager, Greenwich Village's weekly newspaper, will discuss "The Curse of Leisure" at 8 p.m., Monday, May 15, in Memorial Hall, 236 Benefit Street.

The lecture is open to the public without charge.

The series has been sponsored by the college with the cooperation of the S & H Foundation, Inc. It was planned to alert the college and civic communities to the nature of an emergent and changing society, and to suggest values and attitudes for designers.

Morris Ernst was born in Uniontown, Alabama, and educated at Williams College and New York Law School. He holds honorary degrees from Nasson College and Lincoln University. He was elected an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa at Williams College in 1961.

Mr. Ernst began his practice of law in 1915 as a member of the firm with which he is still associated. During the administrations of La Guardia and Lehman, he served the Mayor as arbiter in a crippling taxi-cab strike, and drafted legislation on insurance and banking matters for the Governor. At a time in New York's history when finances were chaotic he was appointed a member of the New York State Banking Board by Governor Roosevelt, and he continued on the board until 1945. He was later President Roosevelt's personal representative on various war-time missions to England. He also served on a governmental mission to Germany during 1946. President Truman soon afterwards appointed him to the Civil Rights Committee.

Mr. Ernst's interests have not been confined exclusively to matters pertaining to law. In the field of publications he has contributed to magazines and encyclopedias, and he has authored and co-authored numerous books ranging from points of jurisprudence to comments on American Sexual Behavior and the Kinsey Report. As advisor for the literary world he serves as special counsel of the American Newspaper Guild and counsel of the Dramatists Guild and Authors League of America.

Significant contribution has also been made by Mr. Ernst to New York's world of art.

Through "I Have a Concern . . .," his informal column which appears weekly in The Villager, he has become one of New York's leading proponents of the "democratization of Art."

"For those whose walls are filled," he wrote recently, "I propose that a picture be bought to be bestowed on a school, prison, church or hospital. Many government buildings are artless. Such purchases will be hung in the edifice selected by the Donor — in honor of the Donor — and as a bit of lagniappe the purchase price often can be arranged as to be tax deductible. Thus does the sovereign, Federal and State Governments, also encourage the "democratization of Art."

This brief paragraph raised "pleasant eyebrows," he said, but it has done more than this. It has spurred a democratic movement that has benefited artists and donors and enhanced public buildings. In April Mr. Ernst donated a painting, "Honfleur," by Nat Greene, to the Sixth Precinct Police Station.

For his legal, civic and cultural activities, Mr. Ernst has received numerous honors, among them the French Legion of Honor. He is a member of the Bar Association of New York and the New York Lawyers Association.

FACULTY PROMOTIONS

Promotions of four members of the Rhode Island School of Design faculty were announced today by Dr. Albert Bush-Brown, president of the college.

Promoted are:

Garabed der Hohannesian, chairman of the division of freshman foundation, to professor of design.

Norman Schulman, head of the department of ceramics, to associate professor of ceramics.

Theodore Monacelli, of the division of architecture, to associate professor of architecture.

Baruch D. Kirschenbaum, of the division of liberal arts, to associate professor of the history of art.

Professor der Hohannesian came to Rhode Island School of Design in 1947 from Boston, where he was interior designer and director of the art gallery at the Charles E. Smith Company. He is a graduate of the Massachusetts School of Art. One of the leading artists in the New England region, Professor der

Hohannesian has exhibited his work throughout the country in numerous one-man and group shows. His paintings and drawings are represented in more than fifty private collections and in the permanent holdings of the Carpenter Gallery of Art, Dartmouth College, the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, N. Y., and Addison Gallery of Art, Andover.

Professor Schulman came to Rhode Island School of Design in 1965 from Toledo, Ohio, where he taught ceramics at the Toledo Museum School of Design. He is a graduate of the Parsons School of Design and the School of Education, New York University. He received his M.F.A. from New York State College of Ceramics, Alfred University. He is national membership chairman in the American Ceramic Society and a member of the American Crafts Council. Winner of numerous awards in collections throughout the country, including those of the Smithsonian Institute, the Butler Museum of American Art, Youngstown, Ohio, and Alfred University.

Professor Monacelli, a registered architect, is consultant in urban design in Cambridge, Mass. He joined the architectural division at Rhode Island School of Design in 1964 as head critic of the fifth-year design studio and architectural degree projects. He received his undergraduate degree in architecture from Carnegie Institute of Technology and his M.Arch. in Urban Design from Harvard University. Professor Monacelli has practiced in architecture and has served as consultant in urban design in New England since 1960. Prior to this he was associated with firms in Cleveland, Ohio, in the practice of commercial and institutional architecture. He has published articles in architectural magazines and won several awards, including the residential citation from "Progressive Architecture," in 1965. During the same year he was finalist in the Louisville Urban Renewal Compettiion, Louisville, Ky.

Professor Kirschenbaum came to Rhode Island School of Design in 1962 from Harvard University, where he was a member of the tutorial staff in the department of fine arts. He received his B.A. summa cum laude, from Hunter College and his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from Harvard University. At Harvard he was a Woodrow Wilson Fellow, a James Rogers Rich and Faculty of Arts and Sciences Scholar, and a Bacon Traveling Fellow in Fine Arts. His essay, "Reflections on Michelangelo's Drawings for Cavaliere," was published in the **Gazette des Beaux Arts** in 1960. Professor Kirschenbaum is a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

AN APOLOGY AND PLEA

Last week I sent a letter to all RISD students requesting their help in a piece of research of some importance.

Many of my respondents noted certain passages in my letter which they found distasteful (e.g. the expression "blow your mind"). They were, however, able to overcome their dislike for my choice of words and respond with candor and perception.

I apologize for my clumsy attempt at heightening communciation. Please don't be put off by a poor choice of words. The information I have requested is only yours to give and urgently needed.

David B. Manzella

FILM FESTIVAL

May 19, 20, 21.
Third R. I. Film Festival

Jury: Ralph Steiner, documentarian and educator
Stan Lauder, historian
Stan Vanderbeek, op from underground

Films: 65 or more short films, two to thirty minutes in length.

Times: Jury Screenings (50¢ each) Memorial Hall
May 19, Friday, 7:30 p.m.
May 20, Saturday, 2 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.
May 21, Sunday, 2 p.m.
Finals (winners and the better best, 2 hours or so with jury commentary)
Awards: $600. worth
May 21, Sunday, 8 p.m. ($1.50) R.I.S.D. Auditorium

SOME CINEMA

For "Blow-up" the Italian director, Michelangelo Antonioni, decided to turn his camera on the London scene and make his first English language film. Due to this and the fact that in some ways it is his most conventional film, (the closest he's come to plot, and the easiest or most enjoyable to watch) it has been his most popular film. Absent are the themes of alienation and frustration. At the same time it is very Antonioni-symbols of meaninglessness and long wordless sequences.

Before seeing the film I was skeptical of the director's venture into England and the English language. Having seen the film, I am now skeptical of the London scene. The story traces a day in the life of an extremely insensitive photographer. We watch him emerge from a flop house after spending the night using human suffering for the purpose of a photographic essay on derelicts. He then proceeds to his studio to photograph an inane assortment of fashion models. For the ending of his essay, he photographs a seemingly restful couple in a super green (spray painted) park. The man turns out to be the victim of murder, the film and enlargements stolen, and the 'mysteries' unresolved.

Antonioni has admitted he was not trying to make a film about London: "It could be set in Paris or New York without losing truth. But I think London is the best place. Fashion photographers here belong to this moment." The modern scene is made much use of throughout the picture. The discotheque, pot party, and fashion models are examples. The purely self-indulgence of these locations and the repugnant qualities of the main character tend to arouse antagonism rather than interest the viewer.

The director has also said: "In this one, there is only the story — I believe in it, but only from the outside. It is the most detached of my films." One of the main aspects of the story is the theme of illusion versus reality. This is obvious; what appears to be the peaceful and casual turns out to be the deadly and the calculated. Antonioni's detachments has resulted in a superficial treatment — like the mime troupe at the end playing with an invisible tennis ball.

Except for the park scene I found the color photography extremely typical and unimaginative. The acting is, however, first-rate, Vanessa Redgrave's performance being the best.

"Blow-up" suffers from the director's change in emphasis (from experience to one on plot), location, and language. Antonioni's usual meticulous attention to detail and uncompromising use of the cinema as an art form have been replaced by a less demanding form.

Jay Neeley

PERSONA

From a temporary retreat into theater, Ingmar Bergman has returned to film a more deft magician, proving again that he is master not only of the script, but of the inefficient trickery of communication.

'Persona' begins with a blinding series of cuts and titles, meaningless and meaningful. Having gained contact and confusion with this assortment of symbols, Bergman easily guides us into the story: the chance, mysterious assignment of a young nurse to a sick actress.

The actress is afraid of being understood, of making mistakes, of death — in a word, of her humanity. She is unhappy because she seeks the ideal, cannot condescend to transient emotion; she cannot love. She devours people with analytical study and understanding. Her strength lies in her ability to portray mens' sufferings, just as she plays mother, purging men through their ritualistic identification, yet she has no release. She is too self consciously separated and too afraid. Finally she has chosen the part of mute refusal to respond.

The nurse wants to love, to act and to dedicate herself to helping people. She expects these things of life and regrets others, weaknesses and emotions that break the pattern; but lives with them. She believes people are like herself this way and she is trusting, warm and open.

This is revealed to us slowly through narrative and action as the women get to know each other. Living together they are forced beyond the boundaries of their own souls. Their resemblance is striking and in their initial envy of each other Bergman suggests that they switch roles. He repeats a scene from each one's point of view to instill in us each one's responses and growing understanding of the other.

The nurse faced with the actress' madness is reduced to horror and jibberish. At the peak of involvement we are returned to confusion by a mock breaking of the filmstock and a repeat of the cuttings interlude; then we are returned to the story. In exchanging identities the women grow to understand they are not alike — but not alone.

Strained and obscure to understand? Bergman's structure is classical, his message eternal; only his medium is relatively new. He blends them playing with film so well that it is an easy movie to understand intuitively. We all know humans connect in multiple ways, through patterns of experience, through identity and by accident; and that it is a phantom experience destructive and expanding, and that it is about as easy to catch as a rabbit in an empty hat. Bergman is speaking to us.

M. Coolidge

ANNOUNCEMENTS

$50.00 REWARD for Realistic 909 tape recorder and power tools taken from Junior sculpture area. No questions asked. Contact Box 498.

ALL STUDENTS must satisfactorily complete their financial obligations with the school prior to May 22, 1967. Failure to do so will necessitate withholding degrees, transcripts and grades until accounts are settled. If in doubt about your status, check with the Business Office.

I AM LOOKING FOR A ROOMMATE(S) for the summer to help with expenses while my present roommate is away for the summer. I have a five room apartment at 30 Harvard Ave. (off Broad St.) Providence. There is parking. Half rent is $45 per month. Call Robert Haiko, 331-8669.

FRIDAY, MAY 12, 10 p.m. **Prints** — lithographs, etchings, woodcuts, etc. — mostly 20th Century — will be in the photo study room of the Library for browsing and purchase. They came from F. Roten Galleries of Baltimore.

LECTURE: Professor Wilhelm von Moltke, Chairman, Department of Urban Design, Harvard University will lecture on Order and Design: Santa Tome De Guayana; Tuesday, May 9, 8 p.m., Memorial Hall.

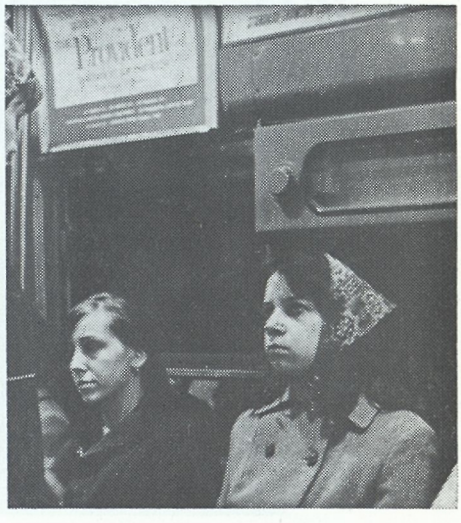
MEAL OF RECONCILIATION, Sunday, May 14th — 6 p.m. Alumnae Hall, Pembroke College. You are invited to a meal of rice and tea, at which readings will be given by faculty and chaplains, to underscore the meaning of the war in VIETNAM. Funds collected will go to the Committee of Responsibility and the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

MAY 15 IS DEADLINE FOR APPLICANTS FOR PEACE CORPS SUMMER PROGRAMS.

SUBWAYS

I'm supposed to write an article about Subways. Fat Chance. Actually, I am a subway fan. Let's drop that. New York City has 417 miles of subway track in it. There are about 600 stations. There are over 4,000 cars to serve these stations. The earliest cars in use date from 1914 and they are old BMT cars. They are 84 feet long, and 12 feet wide. The IRT, and Lex Ave., lines have cars 54 feet by 10 feet. Trains are made up from 4 to 10 cars. If you are in the rush hour, however, ten cars are not enough. If it's of any interest, the sharpest road curve in the whole system is at Lenox and 110th St. The radius is 350 feet. That's sharp. The most crowded block in New York is 111th St. between 5th and Madison where 2,500 people are ensconced in ten buildings. This is the most crowded spot on earth. It is denser than the most dense sections of Tokyo. The Japanese subways are more crowded than New York's. The trains in New York have a balancing speed of 60 mph. This means that they can't go faster than 60. That is pretty fast. The average time between trains at 86th and Broadway (which was known as the Boulevard in the 1890's) is 3.30 minutes. On weekdays, you can catch a train in the morning at 8:13, 8:16, 8:21, 8:28, and 8:31. After that, I gave up, or just didn't go to school. And while the trains are running under Seventh Avenue, the Metropolitan Opera House and Penn Station have been wantonly destroyed.

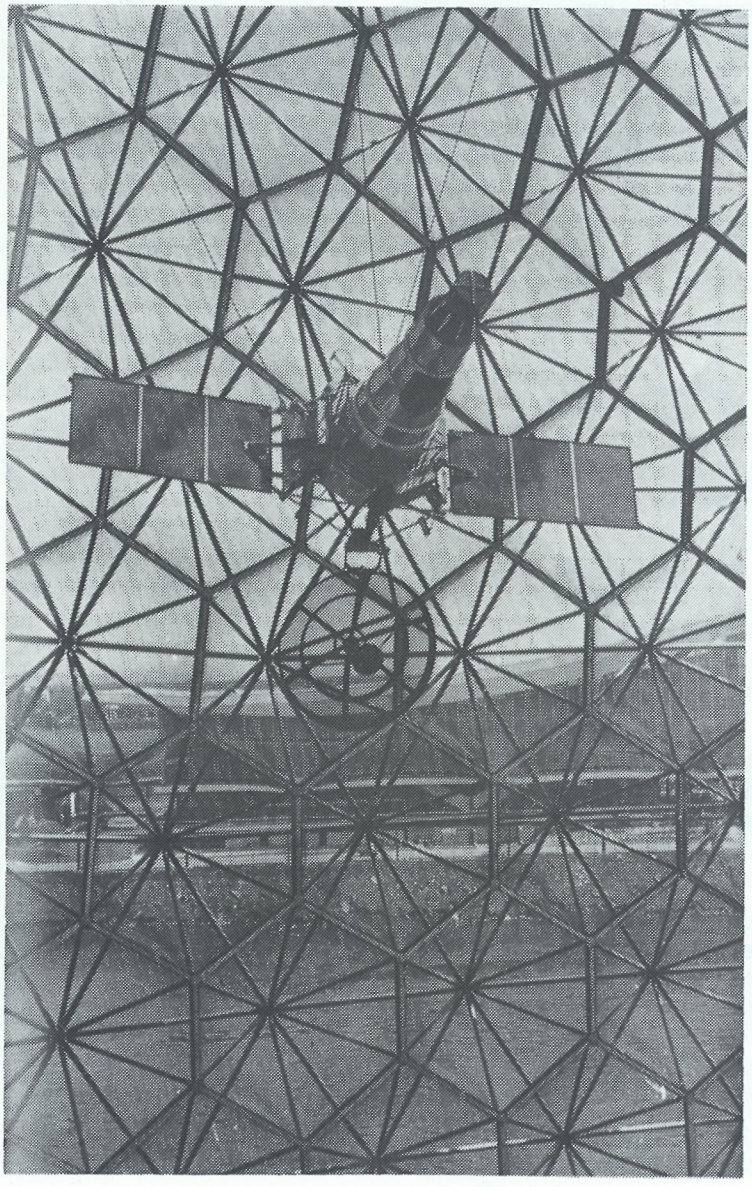
Tobias Mostel



RISD IN MONTREAL AND EXPO

On Saturday, April 29, at 8:00 a.m., a group of RISD architecture students boarded a bus for Montreal. Objective: Expo 67. The ride was a good nine-almost-ten hours; but it was refreshing for the avoidance of freeways; the scenic routes through the New Hampshire and Vermont countryside made the long ride and the hunger panic stop at a Howard Johnson's quite bearable .There were no untoward incidents until the Canadian border was reached. Here the foreign students were gently asked to step inside the immigration's office. (Aliens out of the bus!) But all crossed the border successfully and legally.

Most of Montreal was seen on arrival, but this was not by voluntary choice, but because the party got lost (Yes, it's possible). The dormitories of the college of St. Laurent were reached while still partially daylight; and after being assigned rooms, small groups formed and departed for downtown Montreal and night life, discotheques, go-go, et al. Finding good restaurants, also reasonably priced, proved to be quite a challenge; downtown Montreal was already geared and well-oiled to meet the demands of the Expo tourist — for a goodly portion of his money. Yet, some were successful in finding excellent French restaurants — which were off the beaten path, extremely difficult to find.



The next morning, a talk with Professor Anderson from McGill University's Department of Architecture was given in the Queen Elizabeth Railway Station; the group moved through the station and into the subway system. The subways, or "metro" as it is called, was a revelation of how well a subway system can run — a thoroughly clean, efficient, yet without that feeling of pressure which makes masses elbow their way into the coaches. Other projects were seen, too, and the well executed design of buildings and their interiors made it all too apparent that good architecture on a monumental scale can be achieved; that public and private capital — as many of the buildings were financed by both government and private funds — can be coordinated; and city planning boards can be aware of good architecture.

After departing with $2.50 (Canadian) at the Expo 67 gate, you get a ticket to get in; on Sunday afternoon, April 30, the fairgrounds were invaded by RISD students.

Mr. Anderson advised the group to get into the fair by way of the Expo express; this way a better view was seen, watching the scenery of the fairgrounds loom up as the express moved in.

The train stops first at the Habitat; but many scheduled this for later; the main attractions were the pavilions of various countries.

The first pavilions of importance were those of the United States and the Soviet Union; these were the two largest; but the geodesic dome of the United States had a long queue of eager individuals waiting to enter the pavilion; this line took 45 minutes to move in-

to the exhibit. Many stayed, but many also moved on; those who waited said that the time spent was worth it; the space capsule exhibit was excellent, and many of the displays were felt to be well executed. Those among the impatient moved on to the Soviet pavilion; here, the Soviets put their best socialistic foot forward and invited everybody in; to large escalators constantly brought people in. The Russians, we are told, spent the most on their pavilion; upon entering this was evident. Lavish models (science and real-live fashion types) were up before the public — on the first floor, a fashion show; the second and third levels, the scientific and cultural displays; two highly polished satellites hung from the ceiling — these were not models.

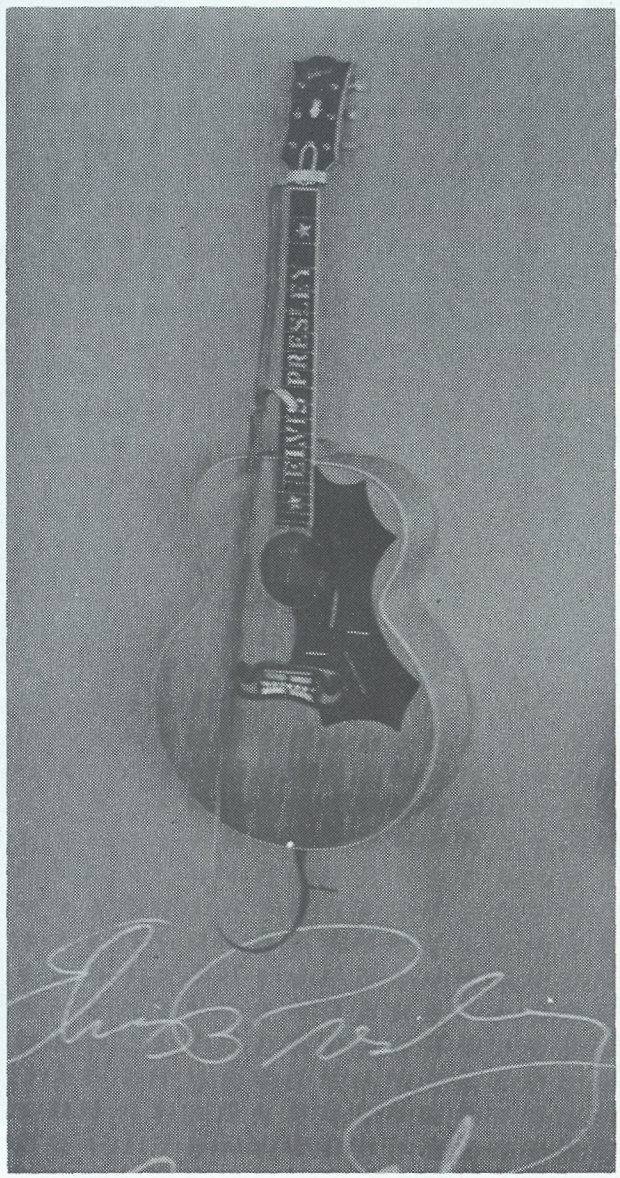
The other pavilions of interest were the Cuban, Algerian, Czechoslovakian, and West German. The Cuban pavilion, entirely opposed to the Soviet theme of non-propaganda, went war, revolution, progress, and Fidel Castro all the way. The execution of the graphics was in a fashion, not altogther too unlike a well known professor's work at RISD if done with a Spanish accent. (The Cubans, however, did not concentrate only on the thirties — they threw in their whole history.) A tasteful and refined atmosphere characterized the Algerian pavilion; a very restrained slide-show about change in the life of the people went on in 360 degrees; and some of the desert "long rifles" were on display, too. The Czech pavilion drew the vote of many as being the best; display-wise, and also for the movie on the upper level which, by virtue of receding and advancing cubical screens, gave a three-dimensional effect. The West German pavilion was excellent, not only for good architecture, but for good layout of the various elements on display, which were carefully and tastefully planned. The tent-like pavilion gave a light atmosphere to the interior which was a refreshing change from many other pavilions; some have a feeling of closing in on the individual. In a weekend, not many pavilions were seen; only the prominent ones were entered, as interest in the group centered mostly on developments in other countries. The Great Britain pavilion, unfortunately, had another long queue into it.

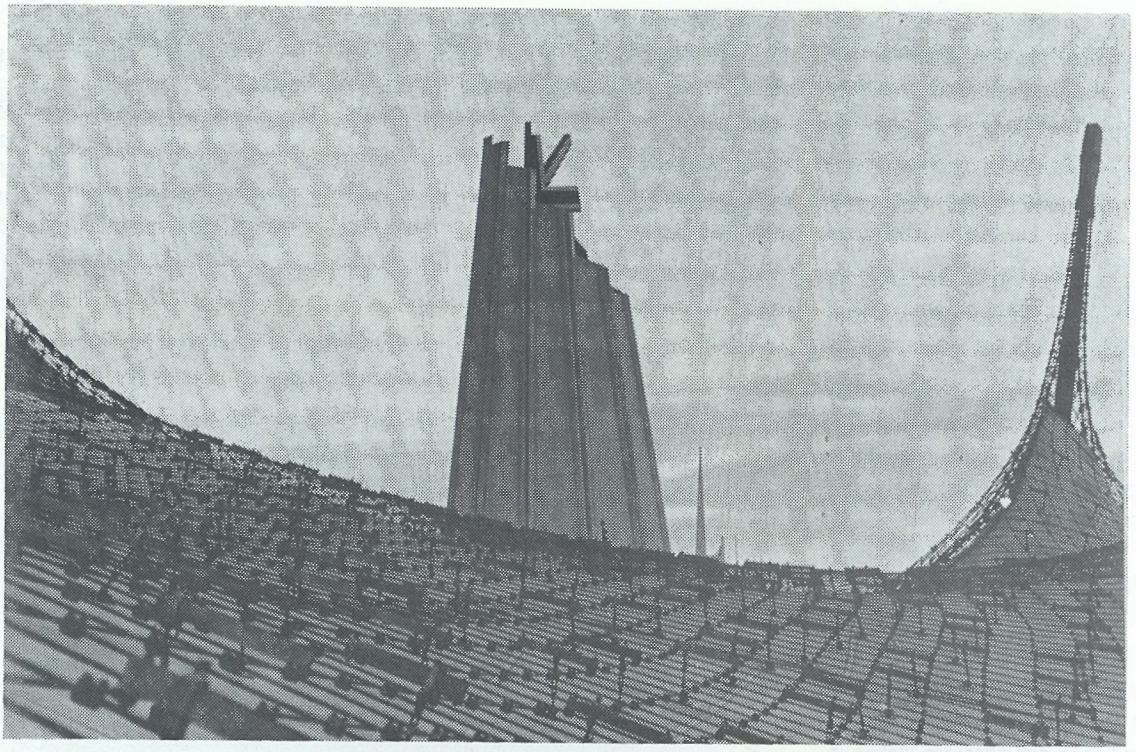
Footsore, the group made its way to the dormitories at various assorted ungodly hours. The next day, Monday, May 1, the group departed for the Expo administraiton building at 9:30. Here, Mr. Fizet explained the organization of the architects in the fair; the talk lasted until eleven a.m.; then everyone went on their own again, going through other pavilions friends had told them to go to; some going to see Habitat, and giving it architectural criticisms; the dispersal throughout the fair was total. The thirty-odd RISD students lost themselves among the seven hundred thousand visitors into Expo.

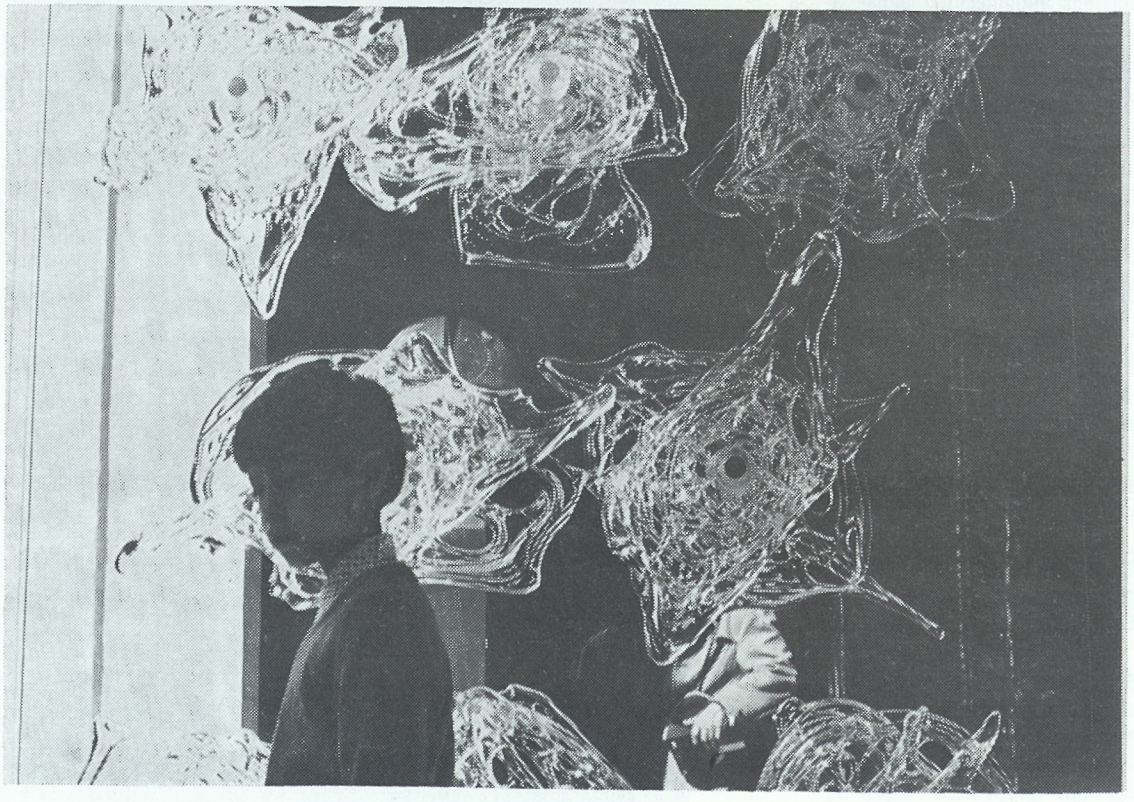
It was a delightful and rewarding time, but at five p.m. the group assembled at the bus dock and left. The weather had been excellent all throughout; for many it had been the first trip into a foreign country, and a taste of another language, another people.

Oscar Mapua, Jr.

CIVILIZATION MARCHES FORWARD:
ELVIS' GUITAR — IN THE U. S. PAVILION







PHOTOS BY WINDHORST

APPAREL DEPARTMENT

May 16th and 17th the Apparel Design Department will present a fashion show under the direction of Mr. Suprenant in the R.I.S.D. Auditorium. This year's presentation may prove to be the best yet. A revolving stage will be used, which will make this event more professional than ever before.

The Clairol Company will aid the models in their preparations. Last Thursday, Wayne Hutchins gave a demonstration of make-up techniques for the benefit of the models. Mr. Hutchins is the Director of Makeup at Clairol and is responsible for "the overall look" shown in Clairol ads around the country. To assist him in his demonstration Marilyn Mullin graciously donated her presence. (see photos)

The students' original work will be on sale after the performance. Apparel design majors and the Clairol Company get first choice of the fashions. The Freshman class, as well as any other newcomers to R.I.S.D., will be amazed by the fashions produced by our Apparel Design Department. Incidentally, four Freshman girls will be among the seventeen girls modeling. The show will be attended by New York designers and buyers.

Tickets for the show can be obtained, free for students and faculty, at the S.A.O., or at the Apparel Design Department in the top floor of the Auditorium at a price of $3.00 for reserved seats.

Linda Taraborelli

PHOTOS BY TARABORELLI

THIS IS THE LAST REGULAR BLOCKPRINT FOR THIS YEAR

SUPPLEMENT WILL APPEAR ON OR ABOUT MAY 22

CALENDAR

MONDAY, MAY 8

7:30 p.m. Rm. 412 CB — Film Course — Mr. Jungles

THURSDAY, MAY 9

All Day Fac. Lg. — LCDR Zeman, USNR aviation procurement officer interviewing interested students.

11:15 a.m. Student Lg. — Taped Forum

12:00 noon Gym — Dance Group

3:00 p.m. Gym — Wrestling Group

6:00 p.m. Rm. 430 CB — Seminar G-192 — Mr. Kirschenbaum

8:00 p.m. Mem. Hall — Mr. von Moltke Lecture — "Order and Design — Santa Tome de Guayana"

9:00 p.m. Tennis Club — Tennis — Sign up at SAO.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10

2:00 p.m. Mem. Hall — Museum Lecture — "City Scapes in Italian Art"

4:00 p.m. Gym — Girls Volley Ball

THURSDAY, MAY 11

7:00 a.m. Tennis Club — Tennis — Sign up at SAO

11:45 a.m. Student Lg. — Taped Forum

12:00 noon — Dance Group

5:00 p.m. Homer Study Lg. — Bible Study Group

6:00 p.m. Boys Club — Swimming

7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Film — "400 Blows"

9:30 p.m. Student Lg. — Film Society Meeting

FRIDAY, MAY 12

4:00 p.m. Gym — Girls Volley Ball

7:30 p.m. Mem. Mall — Films — Intermediate Design — (Mr. Binks)

SATURDAY, MAY 13

10:00 a.m. Farm — Barrington — Freshmen Class Kite Day — Kite Day Buses in N. Main St. Parking lot.

12:00 noon Bristol — Sailing Race

2:00 p.m. Gym — Wrestling Group

SUNDAY, MAY 14

11:00 a.m. Upper Refectory — Catholic Mass
Millertown, N. Y. — Motor Cycle Club Scrambles
Norton, Mass. — Motor Cycle Scrambles

2:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Museum Film — "Floods in Florence" (Admission Charge)

MONDAY, MAY 15

7:30 p.m. Rm. 412 CB — Film Course — Mr. Jungles

8:00 p.m. Mem. Hall — Lecture — Morris Morris L. Ernst — "Curse of Leisure"

TUESDAY, MAY 16

12:00 noon Gym — Dance Group

3:00 p.m. Gym — Wrestling Group

7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Movie "Weekend" sponsored by Sailing Club

9:00 p.m. RISD Auditorium — RISD Fashion Show — Apparel Design Dept. "Collection '67" — **Black Tie**

9:00 p.m. Tennis Club — Tennis — Sign up at SAO

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17

2:00 p.m. Mem. Hall — Museum Slide Lecture "Baroque Fountains in Rome" by Dr. Thomas Reed

4:00 p.m. Gym — Girls Volley Ball

5:00 p.m. Rm. 412 CB — Lecture and Film "Sport parachuting"

7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Western Art and Ideas — "Dr. Strangelove" — Mr. Kirschenbaum

9:00 p.m. Auditorium — RISD Fashion Show — Apparel Design Dept. "Collection '67" — **Black Tie**

THURSDAY, MAY 18

7:00 a.m. Tennis Club — Tennis — Sign up at SAO

12:00 noon Gym — Dance Group

5:00 p.m. Homer Study Lg. — Bible Study Group

6:00 p.m. Boys Club — Swimming

6:45 p.m. Homer Study Lg. — Community Tutoring

7:00 p.m. Mem. Hall — Film "Testament of Orpheus"

9:30 p.m. Student Lg. — Film Society Meeting

FRIDAY, MAY 19

4:00 p.m. Gym Girls Volley Ball

7:00 p.m. Mem. Hall — R. I. Film Festival

SATURDAY, MAY 20

9:30 a.m. - 12:00 noon — Mem. Mall — Industrial Design Society Meeting

12:00 noon - 1:00 p.m. Upper Refectory — I.D. Soc. Luncheon

1:30 - 4:30 p.m. Industrial Design Society Meeting

2:00 p.m. Mem. Hall — R. I. Film Festival

7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — R. I. Film Festival

8:30 p.m. To be announced — R. I. Philharmonic Spring Pops

SUNDAY, MAY 21

11:00 a.m. Upper Refectory — Catholic Mass

2:00-5:00 p.m. Thornely Apt. — Open House

2:00-5:00 p.m. Mem. Hall — R. I. Film Festival

8:00 p.m. RISD Auditorium — R. I. Film Festival

FRIDAY, MAY 12

7:30 P.M. — MEM. HALL

RISD FILM SOCIETY

PRESENTS

A PROGRAM OF FILMS FROM

RISD INTERMEDIATE DESIGN STUDENTS.

A DISCUSSION OF THE FILMS

and of the

FUTURE OF FILM COURSES

AT RISD WILL FOLLOW